

Flesh and Shadow: Michael Myers vs Leatherface

by Detective Ryoshi

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Summary: My stab (no pun intended) at Michael vs. Leather.

Enjoy!

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A great chuckling resounded from the front of the car. Clad in police uniforms, the drivers were swelling with confidence. The sound of their contempt swelled in and flushed the struggling that was taking place behind them, in the back of the ambulance. Michael Myers was desperately trying to break out of the chains that had him strapped to the gurney.

He didn't wiggle and stretch like most criminals in this situation though. All of Michael's movements were cold and mechanical, the movements of a lion stalking its' prey with stealth over the fierce plains of the Serengeti, or a shinobi as he gracefully watched his target go to sleep as his kunai shined off the bright Japanese moonlight, slicing through the night air and fragile, falling cherry blossoms. Most of the time it seemed that when he moved there was no warm blood flowing through his body. Yet, as efficient as he stalked and killed, there was never any grace in it. It was far from brutish, but it always seemed empty and uncanny. Michael didn't enjoy what he was doing, nor did he abhor it. He simply did it because that was all the motivation he had behind his hollow, black eyes. Michael lived simply to kill others. That was his purpose of his existence. Though, no one ever knew why. No one recognized the voice which controlled his psyche. Diagnosing Michael's insanity was impossible, his mental case was far too surreal to even be called supernatural. The only thing people ever knew, was that his will to murder was all powerful, invincible, and omnipresent. However, the thoughts on what the true identity of the sinister forces that lived inside Michael's brain

were often forgot of by his numerous captors. They all had made the same mistake. Not that the two officers who had him currently bound had any idea of that.

The two police officers had managed to subdue him somehow, and had strapped him to a gurney with metal chains. But they had a plan to make sure he was subdued. And boy were they proud. The officers were going to put him San Adan, one of the most brutal Texas prisons to have ever been established. No one lasted there besides its sociopathic guards and warden. It was impossible for Michael, let alone a human, to survive that hellhole, completely impossible. Everyone in the US knew that. And the cops sure agreed on it. The prison was coming up ahead, the cops would have to drive through a patch of grassland before reaching it. The place looked like the middle of nowhere, but they didn't mind because they were taken with a mighty feel of safety. Michael hadn't yet broken out of his chains. The laughter kept coming. Coming and coming. Then, with a brief roar, a chainsaw went through the ambulance driver's scalp. It had pierced the brain.

Blood, glass, and tears whirled as the living officer shrieked in blind terror. His partner's grey-matter was all over his lap and the car had been sent driving at over 130 mph, blind. With no driver but a traumatized, shrieking, police officer the car went shooting through Texas grassland. Finally, a building was reached in the grassland, a barn constructed of iron. The ambulance drove directly into it, its glass window shattered. Stinking of hubris and torn-flesh, both police officers lay dead, their faces fixed with fear that made them seem as if their hearts were beating, though they were post-mortem. Something hadn't been killed yet, though its binds were rendered useless by the crash. He emerged from the ambulance back door. The beast was back.

Michael stared down the raging, speeding beast coming towards him, rushing through the tall grass. Upon him was an apron, a tie, and a mask made of dead, human skin. His name was Sawyer, and all would bow to him. Especially the new comer. But the cannibal had another name. Leatherface. And he wouldn't mind if people bowed to that name too. Smoothly, slowly, Michael turned to the wrecked ambulance. He searched through the bashed front seats of the car. He found a combat knife. With this new gift Michael was ready to go to work. The two killers raced towards each other, like wolves battling furiously under the green, night sky, their crimson blood being shedded on Red-Wood tree bark.

The two finally met in the Texas grass. With great, looming strikes, Leatherface gyrated as he had a chainsaw in both of his hands. Michael calmly blocked all these blows by crouching. Suddenly, Michael dropped to the floor and stuck his knife into Leatherface's huge gut. Leatherface recoiled in pain, and raised his chainsaw, emitting the proud screams of a lion, above his head. The air was crisp. The grass was dry. Leatherface dropped the power tool. Michael's left arm fell to the ground. As blood slowly trickled, Leatherface took a couple steps back, briefly disoriented. He made two quick blows with his knife, scarring Leatherface's arms and making a red ribbon of blood. Leatherface shifted towards Michael, in a crude attempt to cut his head neatly down the middle. Michael dodged, and pierced Leatherface's neck with the knife. The chainsaw dropped. Blood gushed. Silence filled the grass.

Michael fell down, bleeding to death. A chainsaw had just soared through his abdomen. A good chunk of his internal organs had been removed for his body. They lay on the floor, moist, adorning Leatherface's chainsaw. The motion in Michael's arms and legs had ceased. Leatherface died on his knees. He was dead, bled to death from the gaping puncture in the left side of his neck. The stains on his chest had just turned brown. A moon had emerged from the inky, Texas clouds. The grass wasn't still, just as it had been the entire night. The bodies decomposed. August filled the land.

THE END

End
file.